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Executed with neatness and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE UNLUCKY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I'll say as they say."—Comedy of Errors.

Mrs. Sinclair, though amiable and handsome, remained single till she was nearly forty when she received and accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Sinclair, a bachelor of about her own age. Soon afterwards, she unexpectedly came into possession of a large property, bequeathed by a distant relative. This good fortune was speedily followed by a severe affliction. Her husband, in every respect an estimable man, was taken suddenly ill and died. Having no relations of her own, and those distant being already sufficiently affluent, she came to the determination to adopt one of the nieces of her late husband, should either of them please her. She had as yet seen none of his relatives, all of them residing in distant towns. She had, however, heard him express a great regard for his half brother, whose name was Harden, which made her desirous to obtain some information relative to his family. As she was revolving the subject in her mind, she recollected that Mr. Sinclair had told her that a poor widow by the name of Mansfield, who procured a livelihood by sewing, was a sister to Mr. Harden's first wife, and on her she resolved to call in the hope of obtaining the information she desired. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and a few minutes walk brought her to the door of Mrs. Mansfield's humble dwelling. The widow answered her knock and conducted her into a small but neat apartment.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to Mrs. Sinclair's inquiries, "that I can give you no satisfactory information concerning them. My sister, who was Mr. Harden's first wife, died in a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter a few weeks old, and I have never visited them since. His second wife has likewise a daughter, but as to the merits of either I am wholly in the dark."

At this moment a little girl belonging to a family that occupied a part of the same house, entered with a letter in her hand.

"I have just been to the Post-office for Mrs. Norris," said she, "and the Post-master asked me to bring this letter to you. He said the postage was paid."

"This must be from one of the Hardens," said Mrs. Mansfield, "by the post-mark. After neglecting me eighteen years, I don't know why they should notice me now."

"I hope it is from one of the young ladies," said Mrs. Sinclair, "for some people say that you can judge of a woman's character by her letters."

"Yes, it is from Florence, my niece," replied Mrs. Mansfield, looking at the signature, and she was then going to lay the letter aside, but Mrs. Sinclair requested her to read it.

Her niece informed her that the perusal of some letters which she wrote to her mother about the time of her marriage, which she had recently found while overlooking some old papers, had awakened in her so strong a desire to see her, that she had with her father's concurrence, written to her for the purpose of inviting her to spend several weeks with them.

"You must certainly accept the invitation," said Mrs. Sinclair, "it will afford you such an excellent opportunity to judge of the young ladies."

"I am afraid I shall be biased in favor of Florence," she replied, "especially if she should resemble her mother. I confess, however, that I have some inclination to make the visit, though Florence does not intimate that her mother-in-law joins in the invitation."

Before Mrs. Sinclair took leave, Mrs. Mansfield had decided to write, in answer to her niece's letter, that she might expect her in two weeks, for having some sewing on hand which she was obliged to finish, it would be impossible for her to go sooner.

Two days before the one Mrs. Mansfield had set for her journey, Mrs. Sinclair again called on her. "I have been thinking," said she, "that I should like to accompany you on your visit to the Hardens, if it will be agreeable to you."

"It certainly will be," replied Mrs. Mansfield, "but should they not be apprized of your intended visit?"

"It would have been proper, but if I go with you, it is now too late, and as they are people of wealth and fashion, it can certainly be no inconvenience to them to receive two visitors instead of one."

It was finally arranged, that as Mrs. Mansfield lived entirely alone, and would have no one to prepare her breakfast, that she should spend the night previous to their departure, with Mrs. Sinclair. Her trunk was therefore conveyed to the splendid mansion of the rich widow and placed in the hall, and after carefully extinguishing the fire and locking the door, she followed herself. The next morning they had just risen from the breakfast table when Mrs. Mansfield in running up stairs to procure something she had left in her

chamber, slipped and sprained her ankle. At first, the injury appeared to be slight, but the ankle soon became so swollen, and grew so painful, that she found she must give up all idea of undertaking the proposed journey. Mrs. Sinclair said that she would likewise remain, but against this Mrs. Mansfield urged so many objections, that she concluded to go, provided she would promise to remain at her house, where she could receive every necessary attention, till she had entirely recovered from the effects of the accident. This point was scarcely settled, when the stage-coach drove up before the house. In the hurry and bustle of the moment, Mrs. Sinclair did not observe that Mrs. Mansfield's trunk, in the room of her own, was transferred from the hall to the back of the coach. It was not until they had arrived at the hotel where she was going to stop for the night, that she discovered the mistake, and she then concluded not to return it, as Mrs. Mansfield might possibly be able to come herself in the course of a few days. It was about an hour before sunset the following day, that the driver, stopping his horses in front of a large white house, half-embowered amidst shrubbery and trees, opened the coach-door and said "This is where Mr. Harden lives." As soon as Mrs. Sinclair had alighted, she saw a beautiful girl hastening down the gravel walk to welcome her.

"My dear aunt Mansfield," said she, holding out her hand, "how glad I am that you have not disappointed me!"

"Shall I set your trunk just inside the gate, may I?" said the driver, before she had time to inform Florence that her name was Sinclair.

"If you please," she replied in answer to the driver, and again returning to Florence, was about to make explanation, but at the moment she was going to commence, Florence again addressed her as aunt Mansfield, and expressed her regret that her father had been obliged to leave town a few days previous, on account of business, and would probably be detained several weeks. This information suddenly suggested the plan of suffering the family to take her for Mrs. Mansfield; as from her they had nothing to hope, she imagined they would not be likely to assume virtues which they did not possess. She did not repent the plan she had decided upon, when she entered the parlor; she received a very cool welcome from Mrs. Harden and her daughter, Melissa.

"Have you dined to-day, aunt?" asked Florence, finding that her mother did not seem likely to make any inquiry of the kind.

"I have not," she replied. "On account of being overladen, we arrived so late at the hotel where the passengers usually dine, that it gave us so little time, only a few attempts to eat anything."

"As aunt Mansfield has not dined," said Florence to her mother in a low voice, "had I not better put a slice of ham upon the table?"

"Certainly, if your aunt wishes it," she replied in a voice which she took little pains to suppress, "but we are not in the habit of placing ham upon the tea-table."

"I would not have you depart from your usual custom on my account," said Mrs. Sinclair. "I don't wish a better meal than I can make on bread and butter and tea."

"Melissa and I," said Mrs. Harden, "make a point of keeping a very plain table when Mr. Harden is absent, and what we save in that way we appropriate to charitable purposes. Perhaps, however, you are one of those who do not think it proper to give to the poor, lest it should encourage pauperism."

"A widow," she replied, "who has nothing but what she earns with her own hands, may often possess the will than the means of relieving the destitute. I have, however, some times in a humble way, been able to impart relief so as to leave smiles on those faces which I found dimmed with tears."

A girl now appeared at the door, and requested Mrs. Harden to step into the adjoining apartment, as she wished to speak with her.

"Well, speak," said her mistress; "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

"The girl blushed and hesitated, and then approaching her, addressed her in a low voice.

"I suppose," said she, "as you have got company, I must put the tea urn and the gilt china upon the table."

"And I suppose you must do no such thing," said Mrs. Harden in a peevish tone of voice, though so low she imagined it could not reach the ears of her unwelcome guest. "Let one piece be broken, and the whole set is spoiled."

"Well, I don't know what to make of your mother, she is so full of whims," said the girl to Florence, who was assisting her, "she told me the other day to put the gilt china on the table whenever any real ladies and gentlemen were here, and that if aunt of yours isn't a real lady, I am no judge."

When they were seated at the table, Mrs. Harden filled a white china cup with a broken handle, resting in a blue and white saucer, with tea, and handed it to Mrs. Sinclair. The other cups and saucers were of a similar description, being evidently the relics of several demolished tea-sets.

Mrs. Sinclair requested Florence, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, to furnish her with writing material, and before she retired to rest, she wrote an explanatory note to Mrs. Mansfield, to prevent her from forwarding her baggage, and to request her leave to make use of any articles of clothing contained in her trunk which she might need.

Mrs. Sinclair had been in her room only a few minutes, when Mrs. Howell, who lived exactly opposite the "Eagle Hotel," was seen approaching the house. Melissa ran and met her at the

when we saw you coming," said she, "for soon after ten we saw a splendid carriage and a pair of elegant cheviot horses drive by, and as we expected they went to the hotel, we thought that you might possibly know some thing about them."

"Yes, I have gathered a few particulars," she replied, "which I have come on purpose to tell you."

Mrs. Harden now appeared at the door, and welcomed Mrs. Howell with great cordiality.

"Mrs. Howell does know something about the people who passed by in that superb carriage," said Melissa.

"I knew so," said Mrs. Harden. "What is their name?"

"Evering,"

"A family party, I suppose," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, and consisting of Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter."

"Is Mr. Evering rich?" inquired Melissa.

"As a nabob, and the son, whose name is Willard, and Eliza, the daughter, will probably have, at least, a million of dollars each."

"Where do they belong?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Ah, that is the very thing I came to tell you. They reside in H—, the very town where Melissa's rich aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, lives."

"As likely as not they are well acquainted with her," said Mrs. Harden.

"That is what I think," replied Mrs. Howell, and this probability will, in my opinion, afford a plausible plea for your making some advances towards cultivating an acquaintance with them."

"But are they going to remain here long enough for such a step?" inquired Mrs. Harden.

"Oh, yes, I am told they intend to remain ten or twelve days."

"I have just hit upon a nice plan," said Melissa.

"What is it?" inquired her mother, and Mrs. Howell both at once.

"Why, if they should spend the Sabbath in town, they will of course like to attend church, and they will undoubtedly receive it as a very polite mark of attention, should we offer them seats in our pew."

"A better plan could not be thought of," said Mrs. Howell. "It will naturally open the way to a better acquaintance."

"It would be as you say an excellent plan," said Mrs. Harden, "were it not for one thing."

"What can that be?" inquired Mrs. Howell.

"Why, Florence's evil genius that is always at her elbow, I believe, must put it into her head that it would be exceedingly amiable in her to invite her aunt Mansfield to make us a visit."

"She accordingly importuned her father till she obtained his leave to send for her."

"Her aunt Mansfield? Why that must be the poor widow I have heard you speak about, who obtains a living by sewing."

"The very same, and would you believe it? she lives in H—, and I should not be surprised if the Everings know her by sight, or as far as I know to the contrary, they may be among her employers."

"Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she came this afternoon in the stage," replied Mrs. Harden. "You will see at once, that it will be impossible to invite the Everings to sit in the same pew with a person of her standing."

"But you forget that we have two pews," said Melissa.

"So we have," replied her mother. "You recollect the pew, Mrs. Howell, where Phoebe and Matty and Patrick sit. Mr. Harden purchased it on purpose for our hired help, and Florence and her aunt can sit there for once. Can you see any impropriety in such an arrangement, Mrs. Howell?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nor I," said Melissa. "It is true the pew is rather near the door, which would, as I should imagine, make it rather agreeable this warm weather, on account of the air. The only difference beside, is, that it is not carpeted and cushioned and lined with crimson velvet, like the one where we sit."

"Which this troublesome aunt Mansfield, not being accustomed to, will probably not even notice," said Mrs. Howell. "But sometimes people who have no luxuries at home, are the most exacting and consequential of any in the world when they are abroad."

"Luckily this is not the case with her. She appears to be sensible of the inferiority of her station and is very meek and accommodating."

"That will make her a little more endurable, then," said Mrs. Howell. "But I have been thinking that Florence might possibly object to sitting in the pew with the help."

"No, I don't think she will. Were her father at home she might, but now, as she has no one to appeal to, I think she will fall in with the arrangement without saying a word."

"Come, let us say no more about the aunt Mansfield now," said Melissa. "I want to inquire if this Miss Eliza Evering is an elegant looking girl."

"Very, as nearly as I could judge by the slight opportunity I had of observing her; and her brother, as I have been told, ranks among the most graceful and fascinating young men in the United States. I think he would be a fine match for you, Melissa."

"Thank you—but he is probably engaged."

"Report says to the contrary, and really I know of no young lady who would, in my opinion, stand a better chance to make a favorable impression on him, than you. But it is growing late and I must bid you good night."

"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, after Mrs. Howell had gone, "that I shall sound Mrs. Mansfield to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings, and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Mansfield the next morning at the breakfast table, "I understand that one of the richest men in the State resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suspect."

"Yes."

"Do pray tell us what you know about the family, and whether you ever happened to see any of them?" said Melissa.

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being very intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phoebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at the hotel last evening was—"

"She had proceeded thus far, when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her."

"Now I have commenced asking questions," said Mrs. Harden, "I should like to inquire if you know anything about the rich Mrs. Sinclair, who resides in H—, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Melissa.

"Is she, aunt?" inquired Florence.

"Some have thought so; the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always suspect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune has exalted above them, either to love or admire."

"You never saw anything so elegant as a collar aunt is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal, first and last, for her."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings," said Melissa.

"I believe she does—or rather I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said Melissa.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother.

"I am sure father said that you might send for her if you thought best," said Florence.

"But it so happened that I did not think best. I thank my stars I have a little sense of propriety, and am not like him so immersed in business, as not to consider that a seamstress or washerwoman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy and refined."

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and the color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was, at the moment, sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no cause for alarm; thought she—'arrows cannot penetrate marble. And from that moment she ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath."

It was Sunday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes, when Florence, having rapped for admission, entered with a flushed and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent, I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, almost hourly wounded, and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have said or done."

"For certain reasons, my feelings may have been less injured than you imagine; so, my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter, were at the hotel, and that her mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted; and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she would be obliged to remain at home, or sit with the help."

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair, with a smile—"I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit from the religious services in a plain, humble pew, as in one over so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I would not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, "as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was black silk, a little rusty—as her garments are rather homely, I should, as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird beside your mother and sister, and the Everings; I think, therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, is rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed, was a handsome woman—and the next morning, when all were ready for church, it is probable that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady through the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Melissa, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to appear in a ball-room. Florence, partly from the influence of a just taste, which made ornaments appear to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been

quietly seated in the pew assigned them, about fifteen minutes, when her mother and Melissa, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had predetermined not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though his good qualities, in a particular manner, had been the almost constant theme of Melissa's conversation whenever they had been alone; being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had innocently caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of the son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence. She had not obtain a sight of Mrs. Evering's face, but the daughter's she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastening forward, they greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Melissa, with a scornful toss of the head, "how sociable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt. If they had seen her in their own town, they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they had wished her to do some sewing for them, but because they have happened to meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady, by their appearance."

"I must certainly introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite in inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive so much attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Sinclair, who did not tell quite ready for the denouement which the proposed introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and instead, take the present opportunity to introduce to you my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When, on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might inadvertently misheard her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Melissa closeted together, endeavoring to decide whether it would be best to invite the Everings to tea, together with two of three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale, and invite all the *élite* of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it, that they summoned Phoebe, a very staid and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is done in a hurry, is seldom done well," said she, in winding up her remarks; and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small, select party. But what was to be done with Aunt Mansfield, was a question more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it was true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phoebe and Matty and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do, but they did not like to propose to her either of these methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering greeted her, it was, Mrs. Harden said, nothing at all, and she doubted not but that they would be highly offended, should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in honor of themselves. Accordingly, at the dinner-table, by way of experiment, the subject of the party was introduced, and the impropriety of persons in the humbler walks of life seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest, however, appeared to be uncommonly obtuse, and their minds remained unrelieved by any intimation on her part, that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting Phoebe and Matty.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing-room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by the candle-light, and her dark, glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style of beauty. Mrs. Harden bit her lips, and exchanged a meaning glance with Melissa, as they considered it, in silence.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the 'maud of the raven lock,' we met yesterday, will be at the party."

"I hope she will," he replied. "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Mother thinks, by the description I gave of her, that she must be the young lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she introduced as Miss Florence Harden. If so, she is doubtless a connection of Mrs. Harden's and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother, to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilette, till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her station in the obscure corner, which Melissa had very adroitly contrived to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position.

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ing friends good weather, good health, and a merry saying. Did our business permit our absence, we should enjoy it much to go out among them and use the rake, as in time past when we were one of their number."

MARRIAGE IN AMERICA—FEMALES.

The third volume of Buckingham's travels in America has been published in London. For the benefit of our readers, we extract the following passage on "Marriage in America." The British scribbler has, like other voracious English travellers in America, substituted exceptions for rules; and, like them, he is fully obnoxious to the charge of ignorance or knavery, or both. Our readers will perceive that nothing could be farther from the truth, or do the inhabitants in general greater injustice than this quotation, yet it is characteristic of English authors. We admit that there may be instances of the kind here referred to, in various parts of the country, but they are so rare that they bear no sort of proportion to those cases of marriage which are the result of pure, genuine, and devoted affection. We envy not the heart that can pen such nonsense and call it "Travels," or the result of observation.

"The members of the Legislature, though they come from all parts of the State, and here for five months in the year, rarely or never bring their families with them. The result of the separation is, undoubtedly, greater dissoluteness of life, among the men at least; whilst this constant herding of men together in large masses, without the softening influences of domestic life, or the discipline of naval or military subordination, has a tendency to begot rudeness of manners, as well as looseness of morals; and both, unhappily, are seen here among those who might be expected to present better examples. We remarked at Harrisburgh, as we had done elsewhere, the frequency of unequal marriages with respect to age; it being quite common to see young girls of 16 or 18 married to men of 50 or 60. They are then usually the second or third wife, and some times the fourth, but rarely the first. The reasons assigned for this, by persons likely to be most conversant with the facts, are these: 'The daughters of all American families are brought up so much above their station, initiated in early life into such expensive habits of dress and ornament, and made so averse to labor in any shape, that, when they come to be of marriageable age, they are wholly unfit to be the wives of men in the same rank as their brothers, as they know nothing of domestic economy, and are wholly unfit to superintend or manage either house-keeping, or the bringing up of a family. The only occupation since leaving school, having been to dress extravagantly, pay morning visits, attend balls and parties, they are neither qualified to assist a husband by the industry in any shape, nor to be more to him than an expensive toy, to be maintained without any return in the way of utility.'

"Both their mothers and themselves, therefore, usually look out for some elderly gentleman, bachelor, or widower, who has a good income; and, if he can be induced to make an offer of marriage, it is eagerly accepted; the means of living expensively, and without care, being quite sufficient compensation for the inequality of age, dissimilarity of tastes, or the absence of children. The lady is taken at once to a hotel or boarding-house, to avoid the cost and cares of house-keeping. The husband being engaged in business, leaves her after breakfast, and sees her only at meals and in the evenings; so that she has all the day at her disposal, to dress, gossip, visit, and receive company. Scarcely an hour a day seems to be given either to needle-work, study, or any other effort of utility or improvement; the piano and the novel engrossing all the small portion of time given to any thing intellectual; and these are restored to more for mere pastime than from any real enjoyment derived from either the one or the other. Such is a melancholy, but at least faithful, picture of a great proportion of marriages in this country; where, I believe, the instances of passionate attachment, such as are often seen in the purely love matches of England and other countries of Europe, and of romantic devotion, such as are seen in Germany, Italy, and Spain, are fewer than in any other country of the civilized world; and fewer even than in many Oriental nations, where the mass of marriages are mere unions of convenience at the dictation of parents, but where some instances are continually occurring of the most romantic and fervent love, un-mixed with the slightest particle of interested calculation, which it appears to be almost wholly unknown here. At the same time it must be admitted, that there are fewer infidelities, elopements, and separations in married life, in America, than in most countries of the old world; a fact which is chiefly to be attributed to the colder temperament of the people, and to the greater influence of those prudential calculations as to the evil consequences of such a step, than are made by the more ardent temperaments of Europe."

The following, from a good Democratic paper in Worcester, speaks what we fully believe to be the truth. Can it be otherwise than true? The Palladium has never expressed any preference for any particular candidate.

From the Worcester Palladium.

MR. VAN BUREN IN MAINE. The over-zealous friends of Mr. Van Buren in Maine, have done that gentleman a great wrong by indiscreetly forcing his claims to a re-election. They have shown one of two things to be true: either that they failed to make a true exposition of his strength in that State, or he has not enough there to warrant his friends in relying upon Maine that will give him their votes.

The resolution expressing the preference of Maine for Mr. Van Buren was warmly and ably debated at much length, and finally adopted by the meagre vote of 144 in a convention of 327 members: considerably less than one half the convention! If this be considered a fair exposition of Mr. Van Buren's strength in Maine, it is certainly an indication that he will not carry that State, should he receive the nomination. If he has more strength in the State than the action of the convention indicates, then it is quite apparent that this movement of his peculiar friends is a false movement.

Among several of the prominent candidates for the presidency, we can scarcely find ground for the expression of a preference; and doubt not that the government would be well administered by either of them. But Mr. Van Buren's relations to the country, especially to the Democratic party, are somewhat peculiar. He has been sustained successfully once for the Vice Presidency, and once for the Presidency; and he has received also the largest democratic vote ever given to any gentleman, for re-election, and yet failed to be chosen. In reviewing the premises the Democracy must take the facts as they are. Their wishes cannot change them. It is undeniable that the number is not small who believe that the democracy have done for Mr. Van Buren all that they ought in justice to do; and it is likewise undeniable that multitudes believe that he lost his election in 1840 in consequence of what they denominated his negative character. He was an excellent President "on paper," say they; but failed in his administration to produce an impression upon the public—to create a popular enthusiasm in his favor—to awake in his behalf that popular affection which the people felt for Gen. Jackson, and which at any moment would have brought around Old Hickory thousands and tens of thousands of the democracy at the mere signal of his raising his right arm. They believe that if Gen. Jackson had been the candidate in 1840, the combined force of federalism could not have beaten him; and that Mr. Van Buren need not have been over-run if his public career had been marked by as positive characteristics as was Gen. Jackson's.

Such is the feeling that pervades large portions of the democratic party, and it is an element in the next election which is to be duly considered in the premises. So extensive is its prevalence, that we avow unhesitatingly the conviction, that Mr. Van Buren's personal friends ought not to take any measures to forestall the action of the national convention, but leave it to the course of events, with the understanding that Mr. Van Buren ought in no case to permit himself to be a candidate unless he is generally called for by all sections of the party. Certainly there has been no demonstration as yet, in Maine, in New Hampshire, in Connecticut, or indeed elsewhere, sufficiently marked and decisive to warrant the conclusion that he would do any better in 1844 than in 1840. A few months may perhaps change the aspect of the field.

TAKING RAIL ROADS IN TOWNS THROUGH WHICH THEY PASS.—When the law taxing rail roads was proposed last winter, the Federal party opposed it to a man, and called it an effort to destroy public accommodation. When, after much discussion, the bill finally became a law, the Democrats were branded as "agrarians," "loco focos," and "destructives," for having resorted to such a measure. Mr. Severance, editor of the Kennebec Journal, in view of his present position of candidate to Congress, opened all his batteries of bitterness upon the Democracy, for having passed such a law—one in effect which would retard, if not prevent, the further progress of rail roads in this State. Mr. Holmes, editor of the Maine Farmer, whose sympathies as a general thing, lie with the Whig party, if we mistake not, wrote against and discouraged this measure, as one that would be productive of mischief. His opinions on this subject, have undergone a change since winter, and instead of viewing the law as inexpedient and mischievous, he now says: "Upon more mature reflection we are satisfied the law is just in its principle, and politic in its operation." We are happy to see this frank confession of a change in the views of the Farmer on this subject, and hope that the editor of the Journal, in order to keep pace with the march of intellect and improvement, will likewise come forward and support a salutary law, which he has, in the heated moments of partisan zeal, scouted as unjust and agrarian.

OUR SENTIMENTS.

We adopt the following, from the Age, as our own. We believe the State as a State in Convention ought not to have expressed its particular preference for any one man. Justice to all the distinguished persons named as candidates, required such a course. New Hampshire, at the State Convention, spoke highly of all those who were presented as candidates. This was the proper course for us. If justice to Mr. Van Buren requires the people of this State, or of the United States, to vote for him now, in case of another defeat justice requires us to vote for him again and again, and so on ad infinitum; and the opportunity for selecting and rallying around another, will never occur; because we must award what we may esteem justice to an individual, ever at the expense of our principles. There is no propriety in such doctrines; and the Democracy, it seems to us, cannot abide them. If distinguished services should be rewarded, as a matter of justice we think that Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Buchanan, and, especially, Thomas H. Benton, should receive the offer of the Presidency, as much, and even more than the late Democratic incumbent. The Age thus speaks of the action of the State Convention on this subject:—

"The issue presented by the Presidential resolution of the Bangor Convention, is not an issue between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun. It rules every body off the track except Mr. Van Buren; not merely Mr. Calhoun, but Mr. Johnson, Mr. Cass, &c., &c. It occupies the simple and naked ground, that 'justice to Mr. Van Buren' requires his re-nomination, and it will defend, not only cuts off any opportunity for the exercise of individual preference, but even all enquiry as to what may be the best policy for the Democratic party. It is in this aspect of the matter, that we find our strongest objections to the course adopted at Bangor."

The New York Express, though a violent Whig paper, thus speaks of Mr. Calhoun. We are happy to see the Whigs doing him justice, especially when attacked by those of their own party:

"MR. CALHOUN.—The Commercial Advertiser speaks of Mr. Calhoun as the 'haughty southerner.' No epithet was ever more misapplied than that of 'haughty' to Mr. C. He is as mild and gentlemanly in his manners in social life, and as

courteous in debate, as any man in or out of the councils of the nation. At times he is animated, but never in his seat or elsewhere have we seen him provoked so far as to lose his temper for a moment. His example in this, is, we think, worthy of imitation, much, much as we differ from him in politics."

The "Franklin Register and Sandy River Farmer," devoted to general intelligence, literature, politics, science, the arts, &c., says, that "We admire the candor and fairness of Mr. Severance, and if we must be represented by a political opponent, we should rejoice if that opponent should be Mr. Severance." Mr. Severance is a "political opponent" of the Register and Farmer! Who knows that? Poor Mr. Severance will soon exclaim, "My enemies are those of my own household."

A new paper has been established in Bangor called the "Eastern Enquirer." It is Democratic in politics and will support, agreeably to its own declarations, "all measures of the State and National Administrations which accord with the well known principles of the Republican party of the Union." Subscription, one Dollar a year in advance. We wish it success, if it will carry out its professions.

The County Convention of Hancock, passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That the best interests of the Democratic party require, that in the canvass for the exalted station of President of the United States, the greatest moderation should be shown to each other by the friends of the several candidates; that the decision of the Convention which will be held at Baltimore by the Democracy of the United States, for the purpose of making a selection among the candidates, ought to be binding upon the Democracy, and that any attempt to forestall, bias or control that decision, deserves to be reprobated—that all reasons for the preference of a candidate having a sectional tendency, ought to be strongly discountenanced, and that no man who truly loves the Union and seeks its duration, will permit himself to use them—and, finally, that having full trust and confidence in the ability, the political principles and the character of the several distinguished Democrats who are competitors for the Presidency, we deem it inexpedient, and calculated to interrupt unnecessarily the harmony which prevails in the Democratic party, to express a preference for either of the candidates."

IRISH REPEAL—ITS OBJECT.

The following declaration of rights, issued by the Irish Catholics assembled lately at Caltra, embraces the purposes and objects of the repeal movement, now agitating so deeply not only Ireland, but the States, and France:—

"First—Self-government—the making of our own laws, suited to the wants and wishes of our own people; the interpretation and administration of our own laws; the filling of all the offices in the State with Irishmen.

"Second—The Freedom of Religion, and the extinction of a heavy and unjust impost, of all compulsory payments by any body of Christians to the teachers of the doctrines of any other persuasion.

"Third—The improvement of the condition of all occupiers of land by a well considered plan of fixity of tenure, which, while it would secure to the landlord a moderate and adequate rent for his land, would at the same time, insure to the tenant the benefit of all his own labor and expenditure in permanent improvements.

"Fourth—The total abolition of the oppressive grand jury cess, and the present iniquitous system of poor laws, and the substitution of well regulated charitable institutions."

A Good Day's Work.—Judge Colquitt, of Columbus, Ga., recently spoke for several hours before the Supreme Court at Pensacola, on an important law case, and in the evening he preached to a crowded audience at the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Ex. Paper.

This Judge Colquitt must be a Yankee. Wonder if he wasn't born in Maine? The editor of the Boston American seems to know him. He says that Judge Colquitt, a "few years since, acted as General of the militia, Judge of the Circuit Court, Senator in the State Legislature, and Clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Judge C. is a man of uncommon versatility of talents—brilliant as an orator and statesman, sound as judge, and successful as a minister of the gospel. He has been for a number of years a member of the House of Representatives, and is now a Senator in Congress, from Georgia."

AN OFFER TO SWAP.—The Kennebec Journal is so much pleased with the recent Message of Gov. Roberts, to the Legislature of the Commonwealth of Liberia, that, in closing a flattering commentary upon the merits of that document, he makes the following offer to exchange "Tyler," (whose praise he so lustily sang in 1840,) for Gov. Roberts whom he says "is a full blooded negro, black as the ace of spades."—Age.

"If it were not taking a cruel and ungenerous advantage of the Liberia settlers, we would propose to swap chief magistrates with them. Let us have Roberts for President, and given them John Tyler. We would willingly throw in 'the guard' and Ahasuerus to boot."

About sixty dollars in gold, English guineas, were found in the river at Oldtown last week. Part of a dam having been carried away, left the rocks bare, on which the money was found. A boy by the name of Grant first picked up a few pieces supposing them to be copper, and when they were ascertained to be guineas, there was a general scrambling for the rest. The money is said to have been lost by an English soldier several years ago. [Bangor Democrat.]

A Repeal Association was organized in Albany on the evening of the 5th instant. That the friends of Ireland in that city have not been inactive heretofore, is proved by the fact that they transmitted \$500 to the Repeal Association of Dublin by the last steamer from Boston.

From the Portland American.

"JUSTICE TO MR. VAN BUREN."

The principal argument used in behalf of Mr. Van Buren's re-nomination is this: "He was beaten in 1840, and it is due to him to be run again. Justice to Mr. Van Buren demands it." Now we would be one of the last to participate in any act of injustice to a high-minded Democrat like Mr. Van Buren; and did we think it "due to him," we would this very day strike the flag that floats at our mast-head, and run up that of Martin Van Buren.

But we cannot see it in that light. The argument that would make it an act of justice to nominate that gentleman, because he has been once overwhelmingly beaten, would also apply to all cases of defeated candidates. Let us see. Mr. Calhoun was once nominated by the Democracy of Pennsylvania for the Presidency. He was not elected. Now, by this argument, it is due to Mr. Calhoun that he should be re-nominated. But carry it still farther. If Mr. Van Buren should be nominated and defeated in 1844, why then "justice" to that gentleman—would demand his being run again in 1848, and 1852, and term after term, until success or death had settled the question.

Had Mr. Van Buren come out of the last contest with any loss of credit, it might present the matter in a different aspect. But he stands before the Democracy unsullied. Besides, Mr. Van Buren has been in office almost from his boyhood, merely rotating from one official position into another and higher one. He has filled every office in the gift of his own State—he has been Minister to England, Vice President, and President;—he has been crowned with public honors from the time of his majority until now. What more is due to him from the American people? We ask again—What more can Mr. Van Buren claim of the American people as right? Nothing.

We believe the people owe no man office, no matter what may be the circumstances. But if they do, then we file in a claim, due to JOHN C. CALHOUN, of South Carolina, which should, on this novel principle of obligation, long since have been cancelled.

It is the duty of the Democracy to select a candidate who will be the most likely to secure the permanent ascendancy of the party and its principles. If Mr. Van Buren is the better and surer man for that purpose, then it is "due" to the rights of the people, though not to him, to take him.

How stand the facts?—That gentleman was defeated in 1840 by a majority of nearly 200,000 votes. Thousands of these votes were thrown by Democrats—Democrats in heart as well as profession—and it is worse than an idle to deny it. We disagreed with them in their opinion of Mr. Van Buren's administration. They were honest—so were we. In saying this we speak of the masses, and not of the renegade politicians. Now, it is not only our policy but our duty to open the way for the return of these of our ranks. We may sneer as much as we please about it; but common sense teaches us that without their aid we shall be no better off in 1844 than we were in 1840.

Can Mr. Van Buren draw these Democrats back again? No. Their pride of consistency would forbid it, if there were no other reason.—What individual out of that 200,000 has avowed his determination to vote for Mr. Van Buren? They say, by thousands—"Give us any other man, and we will go for him." Are their votes worth nothing in a contest which, laugh at it as we may in the strength of our present position, is to be one of the most arduous this country ever saw?

Mr. Van Buren could not carry his own native State—New York—in 1840 by 15,000 votes.—What evidence is there that he can carry it now? He lost us Democratic Ohio by 25,000 votes. Is there any change in Ohio in favor of Mr. Van Buren?

Pennsylvania—the Keystone of the Democratic arch—refused him her vote in 1840. Will she give it to him in 1844?

It is most impolitic to think of breaking down this tremendous majority with Mr. Van Buren. "Justice" to him by no means demands so great a hazard.

Mr. Calhoun's special organ, the Charleston, S. C. Mercury, of the 4th inst., publishes the following paragraph:—

"If Mr. Van Buren is the choice of the Democratic party—unless things happen which we neither wish nor expect—the Mercury will aid his election as far as it can; and if he is elected the Mercury will support his administration with whatever power it can wield. If there is any division in the Democratic party, it will be before the convention, not after."

The Strolling Yankees.—The London Times has admitted another philippic against the Yankees. A correspondent of that Journal says, alluding to Mr. Jaudon's arrival with a further supply of Yankee stocks, "I for one will never consent to their getting one shilling more of English money until their distresses shall have taught them a lesson of honesty. There is but one course to pursue, and we must be unanimous in it to be successful, viz: to button our pockets—listen to no propositions, however plausibly put—but to scout from our houses, our society, and all intercourse, every American, and every emissary they may send here, until they shall have paid up all arrears of debt."

The repealers in Philadelphia had a great meeting on Monday night. Near 2000 persons were present, the principal speaker being Robert Tyler, who was listened to with deep anxiety. His speech occupied about three-fourths of an hour, at the conclusion of which he was enthusiastically cheered, says the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

OLD TECUMSEH.—Col. R. M. Johnson will start on an eastern tour to New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, and other places, some time between the 10th and 30th August ensuing.

We understand that counterfeit one dollar bills on the Eastern bank of this city, are now in circulation.—Bangor Whig.

Mr. Calhoun has been invited to come North, but will not for various reasons accept the invitation. One reason is that a large portion of the community would consider his visit political, and that "he considers the office of too much importance—too elevated, and its responsibility too great to be made an object of personal solicitation or canvass."

It is becoming fashionable for ladies to smoke cigars. One was seen in Philadelphia, a short time since, in this delicate business, inhaling this fragrant weed with as much ease, pleasure, and nonchalance, as is seen in the most accomplished smoker. Moral suasion won't save us from competition. The ladies mean to puff themselves.

Counterfeit \$10's, of the Grafton Bank, at Haverhill, N. H., are in circulation. They are signed John A. Page, Cashier, Mills Orcutt, President. Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co.'s plate.

Why are some ladies the very opposite of their mirrors? Because the one reflects without talking, and the other talks without reflecting.

Assignee's Sale.

IN BANKRUPTCY.
WILL be sold, by virtue of an Order of the United States District Court for the District of Maine, on Tuesday, the first day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Post Office in Paris, in wit, on Paris Hill, in the County of Oxford, at

PUBLIC AUCTION.

The right in equity of redemption which Samuel H. Houghton has in and to three and one half acres of land and the buildings thereon situated at Washburn's Mills in said Paris, now occupied by said Houghton—subject to mortgages in America Blaine for about \$550, and to Gilman Tuell for about \$165—a particular statement of which will be exhibited at the sale.

The right to redeem, single sleigh and harness, Robt. Fowling piece, fine piece, and ten tons of Hay, pledged to Phineas Stearns for about \$250—one cow which, with said property pledged to Phineas Stearns, is pledged to Nathaniel Knight to secure about \$80.

The right to redeem a large lot of Pine Logs & Boards at Houghton's Mill in Woodstock, one Cart and a two years old Colt, the whole mortgaged to Alexander Day for \$175. The Logs and Boards being subject to a further mortgage to Robinson Barlin for about \$200.

Sundry Notes, Accounts and evidences of debt, a particular list of which may be seen at the subscriber's Office.

—ALSO—

The property of Benjamin Peterson, viz:—The right in equity of redeeming the farm in said Paris on which said Peterson now lives, containing about seventy-five acres, being parts of double Lot No. 10—20, Range 4th, subject to a mortgage to Benjamin C. Cummings, a particular statement of which will be made at the sale, and reference may also be had to said Cummings.

The right in equity of redeeming one undivided half of Lot 14, Range 8th, in the North part of the town of Greenwood, subject to mortgage to Thomas Crocker, for the purchase money \$300.

The right to redeem one Cow and one Yoke of Oxen mortgaged to Benjamin C. Cummings.

The right to redeem one yoke of two years old Steers and one two years old heifer mortgaged to Hannah Peterson—one harness—single sleigh—yoke and bows—two old wagon wheels and two old yoke bodies—one wooden clock—sundry demands due said Peterson.

Also, all other property of said Houghton and Peterson which said Assignee has a right to sell at though not particularly named.

Further particulars made known at the sale.
Terms—Cash on delivery.
JULY 14th, 1844. LEVI WHITMAN, Assignee. SW11

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, Levi Stearns Jr. & Judith H. Stearns, wife of said Levi, of Lovell in the County of Oxford, on the first day of December, eighteen hundred and forty-one, by their Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to the Trustees of the first Universalist Society of the town of Fryeburg, one half of a certain land situate in said Lovell, being the northerly half of the lower Cutts Lot, so called; for a more particular description thereof reference may be had to the District Registry at said Fryeburg, Book 21, Pages 445 & 446. And whereas the condition of said mortgage is broken, we give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

SIMMON CHARLES,

SAMUEL WALKER, Trustees of said Society.

JOSEPH STEVENS, DEAN WALKER, By D. HAMMONS, their Atty.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

WHEREAS, John Stockbridge, of Byron in the County of Oxford, Esquire, on the sixth day of October, A. D. 1842, by his Mortgage Deed of that date, conveyed to me a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Byron, aforesaid, being the Southerly half of Lot number 8, in the 5th Range, containing five acres more or less; for more particular description reference may be had to the Oxford Records, Book 65, Page 253.—And, whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, I give this public notice to foreclose the same, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

ISAAC RANDALL,

Dixfield, July 12, 1843. a3511

Sheriff's sale.

OFFORD, ss: TAKEN on Execution, (the same having been attached on the original writ,) and will be sold at public Vendue, at the Inn of Abel Houghton in Waterford in said County, on Saturday the 30th day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M.—All the right which Lewis Jewell, of said Waterford, has in equity to redeem his "Homestead in said Waterford consisting of about 30 acres of land, with the Saw Mill, Shingle Machine or Mill, all the Water Power or Privilege, and the dwelling House and other buildings thereon situate and thereto appertaining."

Said premises were mortgaged to Isaac Smith Nov. 18th, 1840, to secure the payment of \$365.55 with interest from Oct. 10, 1840.

JOHN C. GERRY, Deputy Sheriff.

Waterford, July 13, 1843. SW11

SAMUEL F. MARBLE,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

FOR THE COUNTIES OF

CUMBERLAND & OXFORD,

FOLAND, ME.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.
Feb. 14, 1842. 41

Wanted,—Immediately,

IN payment for the Despatch, a quantity of good FLEECE WOOL, for which a fair price will be paid.—June, 1843. 41

Administrators' & Guardians'

DEEDS for Sale at this Office.

DEANES

For sale at this Office.

